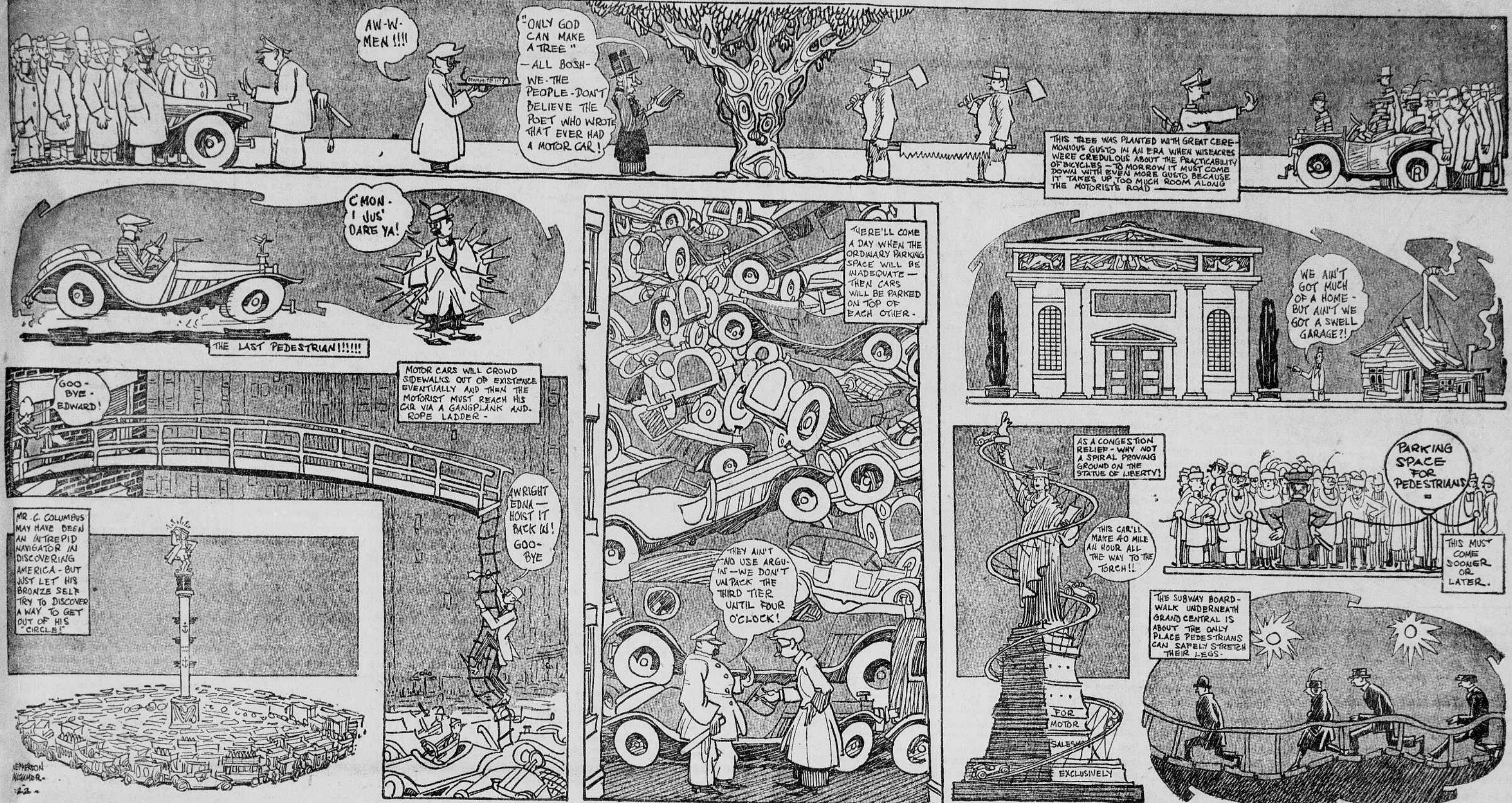


East Side. West Side. All Around The Town

With the Motor Traffic Problem Getting Beyond Control, These Drawings by Jefferson Machamer May Help to Bring It Back



By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

pedestrians now promenade and loaf with impunity!

The trees of New York—they, too, may justly be accused by our vast rolling population of employing obstructionist tactics. Of course, many of the Manhattan trees have moved to Brooklyn for the greater quiet and better prospects of getting rooted, but there still are trees sprouting up out of the sidewalks around here that may well be made the subject of a sort of disbarment conference, when to the hooting of horns and klaxons some such ceremonial requiem as this shall be pronounced over them:

Woodman, what that tree.
Chop every single bough.
It may look pretty, but
It blocks the traffic now.
(Member Department of Street Cleaning.)
Though we are told they are being daily

days in order to get the result of the ball game in. Within those four days about 5,000 inquiries came in from readers. They wanted to know what was the matter and why they hadn't got their copies of "The Pennsylvania News." So continuous were the inquiries that it became necessary at last for the editor to send a brief explanatory statement to the general office switchboard, which was read to all inquirers.

"The Pennsylvania News" of the northwestern region, published in Chicago, came into being July 1. It is an eight-page, tabloid newspaper, conducted along the same lines and with the same policy as the one published in Pittsburgh. It is meeting with the same success. The northwestern region's main trunk mileage is only about half of the central re-

gion's 3,650 and its employees are proportionately fewer.

The northwestern region publication has the only woman reporter. She is Miss Mattie Miner, and she was getting news for the paper long before the women's department was organized. That department has appeared in only one issue, and is to be developed through the efforts of the wives of employees and contributions from women employed by the road.

K. D. Pulcifer is editor of the paper in the northwestern region. His assistant is H. E. Murphy. They have six divisional correspondents—T. J. Finn, at the Chicago terminal; Edgar M. Clark, at Fort Wayne; E. D. Stahl, at Grand Rapids; C. D. May, at Logansport; Bernard F. Vogt, at Mackinaw, and C. A. Rogers, at Toledo.



H. K. Saddler, chief correspondent of the Conemaugh division, climbed into the engine cab to get from Harry McKee the story of his thirty-second consecutive year as engineman of the Blairsville express

one another, but motor cars will have to be introduced there sooner or later. The opportunities are so splendid for nice, long tours. But what is to become of the pedestrians when the sidewalks and other conveniences with which they have been humored in the past

are gone, some may ask. Well, like those who were confronted with a similar problem when the Street Cleaning Department left on the hydrants too long in Venice—they can either hire a sea-going hack or go jump in the lake.

Songs of the Whisk Broom

By KATHERINE WRIGHT

SAY IT with music! This idea occurred to the Pullman company in casting about for means of providing recreation for a family of 9,000 porters. These porters are an indispensable factor in assuring comfort and contentment to passengers. It is of importance, too, that they should not be merely porters, but courteous porters, smiling porters, happy porters. So the Pullman company looked about for something to offset the lure of the poolroom as well as for something to cure a few cases of chronic grouch.

Several officials had overheard strains of plantation melodies floating through sleeping cars as the men made up berths for the night. Some of the voices were mellow.

"Fine old tunes," commented one potentate. "I'll say they are," replied another. "Some of our boys have sweet voices, too," added a third.

"Why not do something about it?" suggested No. 1.

"Why not get up a Pullman Porters' Chorus?" put in No. 2.

"Let's have a band and an orchestra, too," urged No. 3, all agog with enthusiasm. "I'll bet every one of those boys can play a banjo or a fiddle or a cornet or something."

So operations started. The "boys" were consulted. They were thrilled at the idea.

The Pullman company divides the United States into eight zones. The Chicago district was the first to organize. This was in April. The men, divided into units of four and eight, with leaders, meet every Saturday and Sunday at the negro Y. M. C. A. Next came Washington, then Philadelphia and finally New York fell in line. Preliminary work is now going on in the four other zones.

It was not intended, however, that the Pullman Porters' Chorus should be an organization devoted merely to club-like sociability. There were to be educational advantages as well. To this end the Pullman company enlisted the services of a leading negro musician, Major N. Clark Smith, who organized the zones on the basis of miniature conservatories of music. Each member of band, orchestra or chorus possesses a weekly report card, which is filled out, while the company in turn keeps on file a card bearing each member's name address, run and the compass, best notes, timber of his voice or instrument, as well as a record of each man's ability in reading and execution.

The first results of the training were demon-

strated in Chicago last April in connection with the journeyings of Knight Templar commanderies to New Orleans. Three of the special trains were equipped with musical crews, greatly to the enjoyment of the passengers.

Major Smith, organizer of the well known Tuskegee Institute Band, was for eight years leader of the 8th Illinois Regiment. He was in New York the other day superintending operations of the local zone.

"The colored Y. M. C. A. here was anxious for us to hold our classes in their building," he said. "But I told the boys that right where they report for duty was the proper place for them to do their singing and playing, and so every Saturday and Sunday classes are held in two old, cast-off Pullman cars in the Mott Haven yards."

"You have no idea what pleasure they take in their music and what a splendid influence it is for them. I could tell you of a hundred cases. Here is just one. Shortly after the Pullman company's idea was set in motion I heard of a young porter who was about to be discharged. He was a lovable boy, but he spent more time in pool rooms than he did in making good on his job. I got his address and went to see his wife. Naturally, she was in great distress at his expected dismissal. I asked her if he sang or played any instrument. She told me he had a clarinet. I asked her to send him to me for a talk. He came, and grew so interested in the prospect of learning to play correctly and in the opportunities for development afforded by our classes that he soon forgot all about the pool rooms and his former companions. Of course, he kept his position."

"When the whole country is organized and the units have reached a certain degree of proficiency we intend to hold a grand concert once a year similar to the annual Welsh festival. The first competition will be held in Chicago, probably at the Auditorium."

Major Smith is a busy man, for his entire time is devoted to supervising the work being carried on in the four zones already organized and in traveling about organizing additional units. He has only one grievance. He wishes the composers of colored musical shows would spare the spirituals the indignity of appearing disguised as jazz.

"Oh, child, just think, they've even used jazz for 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot!'" he exclaimed indignantly. "That's downright sacrilege! I have nothing against jazz. But when it comes to giving such treatment to the most sacred musical expressions of a race, they don't realize what they are doing!"

The Railroad Newspaper

(Continued from page three)

pelled him to write his stories over and over and over again at first.

"I mailed columns of news to the editor," he writes. "The paper was printed. I watched every train for the first edition. At last it came, on January 16, with four small news items and twelve inches of front page news from the Allegheny division. My heart was broken; I was disgraced forever."

"I wrote the editor a long letter of protest and complaint and followed it on the next train. I bounded into his office firmly resolved to say a lot of things which I couldn't recall when I began to speak."

"Mr. Lewis explained that no newspaper printed all the news that it received, and that he was doing his very best under the circumstances. He had news enough to print twelve pages, which he was forced to crowd into four. My better sense came to my rescue, and my heart went out to him when I learned that I had been beaten by several others with the same complaint."

"The first two months in that newspaper office surely were trying for Mr. Lewis and Mr. Vogel. With each paper we saw improvement, and with each monthly meeting of the staff our discussion brought out many ideas by which we all profited. We were beginning to recognize news, but have never yet learned and never will know just where to look for news. News is always found where you least expect it."

"The news I received was very little, and much of it was unprintable. I pondered much over the fact that our city newspaper publishes a couple of pages of local news daily from less than 25,000 people. The central region has more than 55,000 employees who, with their families, give us more than a quarter of a million people, whose activities surely would fill a four-page paper semi-monthly. On our division alone I have 12,000 persons, whose activities would fill a book."

"One day I noticed my clothes were getting shiny—something is wrong. I reasoned at length with my swivel chair that had held me long and comfortably. I admitted it was a fine place to write news, but a news correspondent, with shiny clothes, accounted for the lack of news from his division in the paper."

"I said, 'Good by, old chair, this is no place to gather news.' I must get out early and say out late. I must keep my eyes and ears open and be ever on the alert for news. To get news I must be where it is; I must ride the trains, where it is going to be; I must ride the trains, on the engine, in the caboose, in the passenger

which nowadays has a mournful air about it. For the sidewalks of New York seem doomed. They are very much in the way of the motor car traffic. Goodness knows how much of the present serious congestion may be ascribed to those curb-raised platforms on which mere

coach and travel on the hand or motor car with the brakeman, on the box car with the brakeman. I must go through offices, yards and shops.

"No hunter is going to come into this office with a baying hound and start to shoot around—it would not be permitted. I must go to the depots and the woods and ride on passenger trains if I want to meet hunters. No fisherman is so insane as to come into this office and drop his line, nor is he going to fish in a waiting room. I must learn who the fishermen are, where they are going and go with them."

"Deeds of merit may happen any place. I must depend on my ears or eyes to find them. If Engineer Bill Smith is on a vacation with his family, visiting or camping; if his child made especially good marks at school or was graduated from high school or college I must obtain the particulars and get a picture. If the son of Foreman Jim Brown, of Buffalo, is starting on a college football team we must mention it and let the other fellows know of the achievement."

"We must publish the progress of our wonderful system, let the employee know that his road runs from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Coast, that it has more than 12,000 miles of line and 27,000 miles of track, that we serve the people of thirteen states, how we serve them and mention their appreciation of the service, together with suggestions for improvement and a thousand other subjects."

"Anything of interest to any one is news. To achieve success as a newspaper correspondent one must put his heart and soul into the work, he must labor tirelessly, be ever on the alert and meet reverses with a smile and forget the swivel chair. Use it to sit in to write news if you are unable to write while walking, but, remember, it is a poor place to gather news."

Here are some headlines from the first page of the November 15 issue of "The Pennsylvania News" which may give an idea of what constitutes news in a railroad newspaper: "All Veterans of System to Unite," "Track Foreman Risks Life to Rescue Child," "Many Seek Seats on Relief Board," "Brakeman's Wife Carries Child From Flaming Home."

Although not yet a year old, the demand for the newspaper is proof enough that its readers do not regard it as a propaganda sheet. One day last summer the date for the publication of the paper came three days before a ball game which was to decide whether the Pittsburgh division team got into the regional series.

Mr. Sisson delayed the publication for four